



















# FORT WAYNE SENTINEL.

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## THOMAS TIGAR,

EDITOR & PUBLISHER.  
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## THE MUSE.

From the Democratic Review.

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY W. WALLACE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PERDUE," ETC.

STAR OF THE WEST! whose steadfast light

Sparkles above our troubled sea,

Well may the watcher of the night

Turn with a trusting heart to thee—

To thee, whose strong hand steer'd the bark

When all around was wild and dark,

And beat the white wing of the mast,

That trembled like a thing of fear

Within the tempest's thunder-blast,

Before its heaven-rest is near.

Udying rays! unfading flame,

Of glory set within our skies,

Forever burning there the same,

Above a nation's destinies—

And linked with all the noble band

Of Freedom worship in their hand,

Whose rolling streams and rugged sod

Still, still no monarch own but God!

Beam out! beam out! my millions turn

To where thy lofty splendors burn.

Like seraph wings, whose rainbow plumes,

From Heaven's far battlements unfurl,

Shine grandly through the fearful gloom

That pall a sun-deer'd world.

CHIEF OF THE BRAVE! 'Twas thine to wield

Restless arms in battle field!

'Twas thine to give the gallant blow

That struck the lion-standard low!

'E'en as a mighty harp with strings

Trembling beneath the tempest's wings,

So thrilled the nation's soul when thou

Trampled the foe beneath thy feet,

And saw victorious o'er thy brow

Unfurled, Columbia's glory sheet.

Oh! when the storms of Treason lower

O'er Freedom's consecrated tower,

And that for which the grey haired sire

With boyhood gladly gave his life,

Shall wither fast beneath the fire

Of wild Ambition's demon-stare!

The Patriot then shall boldly start,

With kindled eye and swelling heart,

Murmur devoutly thy name,

Rush where the ranks of Treachery stand,

And fearless quench the unholy flame

Lit on the altars of our land.

What though around our altar sublime

We see the snowy wreath of Time!

Aye! let the very marble rest,

Old Chieftain on thy mouldering breast—

Thy spirit bravely flaring out,

Like the bright Grecian torch of old

By mailed warriors buried about,

Shall beam on countries untold.

Long as a Hero's grave shall be

A cherub'd altar for the free—

Ah! dearer far, and more divine,

Than Persian orb or orient shrine—

Long as the river by whose wave

Thou led'st the armies of the brave,

Shall in the shades of evening dim,

Echo the anthems of the sea,

And mingle with its solemn hymn

The ancient songs of liberty—

Long as the spirits of the blest

Shall hover o'er each patriot's sleep;

True as those o'ers of the West

That watch the shut eyes of the Deep—

Long as our starry banner flies

On dashing seas, through azure skies;

A radiant hope from heaven displayed

To all who groan in tyrant chains,

That still, despite of throne and blade,

For them a brighter lot remain;

So long, oh! Soldier, Patriot, Sage,

So long, true tried, sublime,

Shalt thou, unheeding envy's rage,

Tower up, the land-mark of our age,

The noblest glory of thy time!

FORT WAYNE SENTINEL.

TO NON-PAYING SUBSCRIBERS.

The subscribers to the Sentinel were obliged

to make immediate payment of their subscrip-

tion. We are rather pushed for money just

now; and as the amount due from each indi-

vidual is but small, while collectively it amounts

to a large sum, they might easily, by a combin-

ed effort, help us considerably, without feeling

it much themselves. We hope they will give us

a lift this time, as it is not often that we trouble

them with dues. The expenses of publishing so

large a paper as the Sentinel are necessarily very

heavy, and nothing but prompt payment will

sustain us in the undertaking. Since we have

been in the office, the whole amount received for

the Sentinel is not half enough to pay for the

paper we have used. Our readers must be aware

that we cannot stand this way of doing business

much longer. We shall be under the necessity

of discontinuing all papers not paid for before

the end of the present year, as we must endeav-

or to reduce our expenditures within our in-

come.

Payments will be taken in payment, at its market

price.

We will also take the old Scrip, for two years

subscription to the Sentinel, or on Printing or

advertising accounts at the rate of 75 cents to

the dollar, but no change given.

We have a few hundred dollars due us for pri-

without delay. This is generally considered as  
a cash job, and is in fact our chief reliance for  
defraying incidental expenses; we have charged  
the lowest cash prices for it, and it ought in  
justice to be paid forthwith.

It will soon be necessary to lay in a winter's  
supply of paper, ink, &c. for the means of doing  
which we must depend on those who are indebted  
to us. There are some minor affairs also  
which our friends should take into consideration  
—such, for instance, as bank debts, journey-  
men's wages, food and clothing, rent, taxes, &c.  
which all require a little of the needful. We  
have tried the plan of "working for nothing and  
finding oneself" quite long enough. We can  
solemnly assure our friends it "ain't what it is  
cracked up to be."

## THE RING-TAIL PANTHER.

The Legislature of Missouri, like many  
other parliamentary bodies, was once annoy-  
ed with a member of singular habits and  
eccentric character. He was a rude woods-  
man, and having his nativity east on the  
frontiers he moved forward, keeping pace  
always with the pioneers; and it was no grief  
to him to be a few leagues in advance of the  
school master. The alphabet once overtook  
him, but no sooner were the Roman charac-  
ters imprinted on his memory than he fled  
from pedagogic restraints, esteeming himself  
happy in thus briefly becoming a man of let-  
ters. This limited education was useful to  
him in after life, when he became a represen-  
tative of the people, for he acquired the art  
of putting as many letters together as would  
pass, in a crowd, for his name. Like most  
great men of the Roman Republic, he ac-  
quired a phantasm, and he chose one indica-  
tive of his location and pursuits. Ring-  
Tail Panther was the name to which he an-  
swered with equal pride and pleasure. This  
illustrious pioneer has already had a place  
assigned him in the annals of the west, but  
too much is rarely written of any man whose  
genius elevates him above the common mass  
of beings by whom he is surrounded.

At what particular period Ring-Tail Pan-  
ther migrated to Missouri, it is not known.  
His earliest achievement, and that which  
placed him in the line of pre-eminence, was  
the butchery of a small party of unoffend-  
ing Indians. His official report of the bat-  
tle was as laconic as Cæsar's "veni, vidi,  
vici," and in these words: "I ketch'd 'em,  
I killed 'em, I scalped 'em." His habitations, where  
domestic kindness and hospitality were cher-  
ished, was a block house, rudely constructed  
by his own handiwork. Like his namesake,  
the quadruped Panther, he was carnivorous,  
and fed generally on venison. His drink  
was blue ruin and still-burnt green. To the  
influence of these stimulants and the lack of  
education, all the evils of a misspent life are  
justly attributable, for he was naturally kind  
and benevolent.

When Missouri passed from a Territory  
to a State Government, the people among  
whom Ring-Tail Panther resided, made him  
a representative in the General Assembly,  
to assist in enacting for them a code of laws.  
Tradition will not be sufficiently clear in its  
details, half a century hence, to determine  
from what written models he deduced his  
legislative knowledge; but some crude  
notions of the twelve tables led him to be-  
lieve it just, that "an eye for an eye" should  
be exacted, and he lived up to the maxim.  
literally, in his practice, for he boasted having  
divested three several combatants of an or-  
gan of vision, and he likewise bit off one  
finger, two ears, and a Roman nose, in the  
course of his single combats.

As it may be readily supposed, certain  
passages in his labors as legislator were not  
as easy surmounted as spoken of. Ring-  
Tail Panther was, however, discreet enough  
to attach himself to a member of good ac-  
quirements, who cheerfully wrote his bills  
and resolutions whenever he came forward  
as a pioneer in law-making.

At an early stage of the first session of  
the General Assembly, this member arose,  
and when the Speaker had remarked, "The  
gentleman from Fishing River," Ring-Tail  
Panther proceeded to say:  
"Mr. Speaker, there are a heap of difference  
among men; some are born rich, some get  
rich by cheating, and some are just naturally  
poor all the days of their lives. This is as  
unjust, sir, as bleating up a doe to make an  
orin of her poor little fawns in the spots—  
A right rich man would feel a heap cas-  
ier with less money. But such is the can-  
tanerous character of one of these ding'd  
old aristocracies, that the more he piles up,  
the more he hoovers arter money. Mr. Speak-  
er, a rich man is like a panther, and I know  
something about the varmint. When he  
gets in the hog range, whar the sweet mast  
ar good, he will kill half a dozen shotes in  
a night, when one pig would do him for a  
supper and breakfast. They ar' oncomom  
greedy, if they ar'n't I wish I may be shot  
with a big bore rifle gun. They are as de-  
structive on poor people as a gang of woods-  
cocks whar breaks into a corn field in roast-  
ing ear time. They crack all before them  
like a horse loose in a cane brake. A poor  
man stands no more chance in a scuffle with  
a right rich man, than a short tailed  
norse in fly time, or an unexperienced dog  
in a bar hunt. Now, Mr. Speaker, thar ar'  
a heap more poor men than rich ones, and in  
this house we have smartly the majority—  
Do you think, sir, a gang of wolves, when  
they corner an old buck, wont pull him  
down? they will do that thing, I reckon!  
When a right sort of a hunter trees a fat old  
bear, he will do his house work, no mistake!  
we have the rich men cornered now, in a  
sorta quandy like; and I move, Mr. Speak-  
er, that we row them up Salt River. I am  
for taking the divide and keepin' it. It ar'  
a fact, and I know it, that we can't just take  
money from one man and give it to another,  
that would be onpopulous and onlawful; but  
we can take 'em slantendicular, and the way  
we can exonerate 'em would be pretty expen-  
ditious. I move, Mr. Speaker, that we en-  
act a loan office law, authorize the State to  
issue paper, and the way the boys will borrow  
it will be slick and greasy! They will never  
pay it back no how you can fix it. When  
the State wants money agin, lay on the taxes  
about as thick as daubing a new cabin floor  
with Chrismas, and the rich are the yaller flowers  
of these prairies whar will fork it up."

The orator sat down, happy in having ut-  
tered his maiden speech. He was, howev-  
er, informed by the Speaker that he must re-  
duce his resolution to writing. Ring-Tail  
Panther rose again, looked wildly around the  
House, and enquired:  
"Where in the name of forked lightning  
has Duff Green took himself to?"

He was told he had gone to his lodgings—  
a little indisposed.

"There, now, is h—ll agin!", said he—  
"Mr. Speaker, Duff ar' sloped and we must  
expose the question till to-morrow, and I  
Duff don't stand up to the rack a little bet-  
ter! I lick him, there's no mistake. If he  
slopes off in this way agin when I want  
him, his hide won't hold shucks in two min-  
utes arter, and I won't vote with him to cop-  
orate his Macademy."

The Speaker of the House was a profes-  
sional gentleman of wit and learning, and he  
was likewise an efficient business man; he  
presided with dignity, but the rich vein of  
humor in which he sometimes indulged ren-  
dered him an object of jealousy, for he would  
rarely spare his best friends in committee of  
the whole. The uneducated members re-  
garded him with peculiar suspicion, and they  
decried his satire. In a speech which he  
made against the gentleman from Fishing  
River, he played upon his assumed name in a  
fanciful, but good humored vein. Ring-  
Tail Panther rose, called Mr. Speaker to  
order, and threatened to "jump on his neck  
and claw him up pretty considerable." The  
Speaker proceeded, and remarked—

"Mr. Chairman, I entertain a suitable re-  
gard for the cat family, and I am not insen-  
sible to the moral force of brain strength—  
When I shall have finished the few observa-  
tions I have yet to make, the gentleman shall  
have the floor, or tree, which ever he may  
fancy most, when he may claw up his pecu-  
liar and reduce his amendments to writing."

Here the speaker was interrupted. Ring-  
Tail Panther rose in great wrath, and lifting  
an inkstand which was near him exclaimed  
"If I can't write, Mr. Speaker, the way I  
will make my mark on you, wont rub out  
easy!" The members near him interposed  
and prevented the violence which the en-  
raged panther meditated.

There was, at some stage of this session,  
a proposition before the house to enter into  
a state system of internal improvement—  
The panther opposed it as he did uniformly  
every thing which came from an educated  
member, excepting always the measures pro-  
posed by his friend from Boonslick. When  
the question came up for discussion, the gen-  
tleman from Fishing River delivered his sen-  
timents to the following effect:

"Mr. Speaker, I am agin all sorts of  
new-fangled machines, every way you can  
fix it. These 'ere snorting things they call  
steam boats are talked about a heap, and my  
oman sprained her ankle running to see the  
first creature of the sort that came sneaking  
up our river. The fish never bit a hook ar-  
ter that, and the game is all skinned out of  
the river bottom. Gentlemen talk about a  
rail road and eternal improvements. Some  
gentlemen, high larned chaps from the city,  
think they are a heap smarter nor a steeltrap;  
but I can tell 'em I won't be rocked in a gun  
to be skinned by schoolmaster larning—  
When do you think, Mr. Speaker, they'll see  
a little steam fixin running on a rail through  
the Louie, or Twenty Mile prairie? never  
in all your life, I reckon! Mr. Speaker, I  
love the eternal expenment of this 'ere  
question, and I'll hire a schoolmaster to put  
it down in the biggest kind of pot books."

It is needless to add, that from that day  
forward, the high minded doctrine of Ring-  
Tail Panther, in reference to internal im-  
provement, has prevailed in the legislative  
councils of Missouri.

Go it Boys!—The editor of the Mills  
Point Herald thus accounts for the origin of  
this significant phrase:—Few persons are  
aware how the favorite expression so prev-  
alent in the South and West of "Go it Boys,"  
first became to be used. Two raw Dutch  
men from the land of "Sour Kruut" and  
"Rye Bread," landed in the State of Mis-  
souri and settled in the woods some hundred  
miles above St. Louis. They had heard so  
much of the dangerous proximity of wolves,  
panthers, bears and other wild varnents, that  
they were afraid to walk to the woods even  
in open daylight. One morning Hans who  
had been out in the garden to pull some ra-  
dishes, discovered an innocent trembling  
rabbit manching away at his cabbages; fear  
magnifying danger scared him and with har-  
rashed erect and a pale countenance, he  
rushed into the house exclaiming "O Joke  
I shseed de Bear, he ish mid out de house,  
just strateynder up stairs in de garden eat-  
ing away all our kruit." A consultation of  
war was held; the house was taken down from  
the mantle piece, heavily loaded and duly  
primed, and the two heroes with cautious  
steps advanced to the spot where the bear  
had been seen; a rustling was heard among  
the cabbage and the affrighted rabbit jump-  
ed up from his hiding place; the two Dutch-  
men ran back about fifty feet and halted  
with raised guns awaiting the approach of  
the dread varmint. The first emotions of fear  
subsided, and every thing remaining quite  
still—Joke said to Hans, "Hans walk ahead,  
you walk before, you got pools on he not pe-  
able to pite you." The story got wind and  
ever since then if any one in the neighbor-  
hood got rautankerous and bragged about  
what he would do, the bystanders smilingly  
would say—Go it boys.

CITY LADIES.—City ladies boast of be-  
ing more delicate than country maidens—  
The one breathes an air polluted with many  
thousand breaths, the other inhales the  
breeze freshened over the new mown hay.  
The one drinks water from the sewer-ming-  
ling pump, or through impure pipes from the  
open horse pond; the other pours it from the  
moss covered bucket, or dips it from the  
pure spring. The one walks over the hard  
pavements, along the dusty piles of bricks;  
the other trips over the soft grass, along the  
graceful rows of trees. The one is pale and  
sickly, from watching at the evening concert;  
the other is ruddy and healthy, from rising  
with the morning birds. The one is the lily  
of the green house; the other is the rose  
beside the stone wall. In the city is seen  
and admired the ingenious handiwork of  
man; in the country are traced and hallowed  
the stately steps of the Almighty.

## The force of true love could no farther go.

Miss Jonny O'Connor, a man of a  
honor, went out with Miss Brady, a nice lit-  
tle lady, and treated to brandy, and sponge  
cake and candy, and more things so dainty,  
and kisses in plenty. But at length the sad  
fellow, grew awfully mellow; and as he was  
walking, and kissing and talking, with Miss  
Brady, the nice little lady, a purse full  
of rhino (I wish it was mine oh), he whiff  
from her pocket, and cleared like a rocket.  
But soon he was taken, while track he was  
making, and longings assigned him, where  
justice might find him. But the mid, on  
the morrow, came forward in sorrow, her  
little heart heaving, and tears her eyes leav-  
ing, and begged that his Honor would pity  
poor Connor—to which he consented, as  
Connor remitted, when off went the couple,  
with limbs mighty supple, and left us pre-  
suming that maiden so blooming, herself to  
a life of much trouble was doing; for  
Jonny, the blackhead, who picked the maid's  
pocket, when married, I'm thinking, will  
whip her like winking.—N. Y. Morning  
Chronicle.

PRINTERS.—We do not pretend to advise,  
but printers seem to have fallen on evil times,  
and to suit every one they would require as  
many sides as Ure are points to the com-  
pass—every little, would be great man takes  
to himself what was intended for something  
near, just as though a printer condescend-  
ed to notice every where he hears, and every  
buzzer who is opposed to him. They ought  
to know the game a printer politically  
shoots at, flies high, none of your clip wing  
fowls or fanlings, are his mark when nobler  
objects are in view. The cacklers of the  
present day about the Press are probably not  
aware that printers possess soul, body and  
mind of their own and are not often swayed  
from their path of duty. They cater for  
the public taste, to be sure, and in making  
up their dish no doubt sometimes season it  
too high, but political spite tastes stronger  
some than to others, and what is a luxuri-  
ous dish to one may be nauseous to another.  
This, however, is no evidence of bad taste  
in the printer. The mouths of some are  
larger than those of others, and if occasion  
all a titbit is not tasted in the capacious maw  
of such bipeds, its no rule they should gag  
the printer, because, forsooth they were not  
stuffed to a surfeit. If the stomach of one  
of the lack-a-day politicians in these days, is  
so weak that he cannot digest roast beef and  
plumb pudding, let him take his water gruel  
and milk porridge. The printer cannot suit  
every one, nor think like every one, because  
some patrons will not be suited, and many  
more do have independence enough to think  
for themselves. The table of the Old man  
and his son, gives an excellent moral,  
and probably is as good a golden rule as a  
printer should practice.

SINGULAR AND NOVEL CASE.—JUSTICE  
DONE TO AN EDITOR!—Mr. J. M. Pettigill,  
of the Village of Andover, 3160  
damages for breach of promise of marriage.  
A year or two since, Mr. Pettigill paid his  
addresses to a young lady of Seabrook, by  
name Emily S. Browne, described as a per-  
fect beauty, or, as Willis would say,  
"Fair as Paris's daughter."  
His suit was accepted—no remorseless pa-  
rents, fierce guardians, or sanguinary breth-  
ren, or any of those bores who stand to  
modern lovers in the light of the Griffins  
and Ogres of romance, interposed to mar  
the felicity of the pair. The lady was all  
smiles—her parents friendly and accommo-  
dating. The lover was accepted, but  
fell upon the day which the fair one had her-  
self appointed for the nuptials, she eloped  
with a fascinating Scotchman, whose name  
was McGregor. This gentleman had been  
for some time paying his court to the treach-  
erous damsel, and having taken her to New  
York, there married her. Mr. Pettigill,  
whose feelings had been outraged, and whose  
conduct had been misrepresented by the  
treacherous pair, had recourse to the law,  
and obtained, as we stated above, a verdict  
in his favor, at which all acquainted with the  
facts of the case must heartily rejoice.

Boston Times.

TALKING OF WOMEN AND DAN-  
CING.

"I believe a woman would do a great deal,  
for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are  
immensely fond of salutory motion. I re-  
member once in my life I used to flirt with  
one who was a great favorite in a provincial  
town where I lived, and she was invited to a  
ball there, and confided to me that she had  
no silk stockings to appear in, and without  
them her presence at the ball was out of the  
question."

"That was a hint to you to buy the stock-  
ings," said Dick.

"No—you're out," said Growling. "She  
knew I was poor as herself, but though she  
could not rely on my purse, she had every  
confidence in my taste and judgment, and  
consulted me on a plan she formed for going  
to the ball in proper twigs. Now what do  
you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," retorted  
Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it; and  
only a woman could have hit on the expedi-  
ent. It was the fashion in those days for  
ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings,  
and she proposed painting her legs."

"Painting her legs?" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the doctor, "and she relied  
on me for telling her if the cheat was suc-  
cessful."

"And was it?" said Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry I am. I complied on  
one condition, namely that I should be the  
painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" cried Dick.

"A capital bargain!" said Tom Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attor-  
ney.

"Don't interrupt me gentlemen," said the  
doctor. "I got some rose pink accordingly,  
and I defied all the hostlers in Nottingham to  
make a tighter fit than I did on little Jinny;  
and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" added Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that sev-  
eral ladies asked her to recommend her dye  
to them—so you see what a woman will do

to go to a dance. Poor little Jinny!—she  
was a merry mink—by the by, she boxed my  
ears that night for a joke I made about the  
stockings. Jinny!" said I, "for fear your  
stockings should fall down when you're dan-  
cing, had I you better let me paint a pair of  
garters on them?"

YOUR CHANGE, SIR.—One of these non-  
descent specimens of humanity, called on  
dies travelling through Connecticut a few  
days since, in his own borrowed convey-  
ance, was brought up with a "round turn" at  
a toll gate, which he designed to have pass-  
ed without paying the usual fee. When he  
found himself in "snaky" from which he could  
not escape without "faking over," he inquired of  
a young lady who was in attendance at  
the gate, how much he had to pay before he  
could pass the formidable barrier.

"Three cents, sir," is the charge for single  
wagons," replied the young lady.

"Three cents is a threepence, the half of a  
shilling, one of the standard bits of silver in  
use, eh? young woman—am I right?" said  
the dandy, feeling in his pockets for his  
change.

"Three cents, sir, if you please," said the  
lady.

"In your office of highway-man, you give  
me, you with subtlety, the amount of your  
demand from this piece, and return me the  
balance as conveniently quick as your ordi-  
nary locomotion will allow," said the dandy  
gentleman, at the same time purposely drop-  
ping a shilling piece into the mud beneath  
his wagon. "And there, it is in the mud, I de-  
clare. I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty  
y of them."

The young lady took the shilling from the  
mud where he had dropped it, went into the  
house, and returned with nine cents, which











